

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 665.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1866.

VOL. XXVI. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sonnet.

TO C. F. D.

We were alone within a dim alcove,
From whose dark walls the shadows seemed to
start,

As those deft fingers, with consummate art,
Into the purple web of twilight wove
The subtle mysteries of fate and love.

I seemed to see Beethoven and Mozart—
And yet one other soul that stood apart—
Arise within the darkness to approve.

And when those hands,—unknowing unto whom
Their gift of wondrous grace had been displayed—
Paused o'er the keys till silence filled the room,
Before they moved again, I saw the shade
Of sad-eyed Chopin, leaning through the gloom,
Whisper a word—and then again they played.

Aug. 23d.

A. A. C.

Astorga.

Translated for this Journal from W. H. RIEHL'S "Musikalische Charakterköpfe."

EMANUEL ASTORGA, commonly with the prefix of "Baron," was the name borne by an Italian singer and composer of the first half of the eighteenth century.*

I fancy to myself Astorga as a tall, proud, noble form, a little bowed by the weight of secret grief, the profile sketched in fine but bold outlines, a burning dark eye, a ghastly pale face between long waving locks of raven blackness. Do not tell me that the man probably wore wig and cue, or at least his dark hair powdered white; periwig and powder would quite belie his thoroughly romantic type of character. Manners and outward forms are those of the man of the world; but under this light mask, which education and custom have woven, looks out the poet, who had to live in the splendor of courts, when he would so much rather have lived all alone by himself. Not only do his compositions glowing with Southern fire stamp him as a musical romanticist in that pig-tail period; but equally his outward personality, his fate in life, which as it were weave themselves into the poem. In his music vibrates the old legend of the outcast, of the soul whose vital nerve had been poisoned, and who retires from the world of deeds into the dream world of Art as into the asylum of a cloister.

We meet the youth of twenty years for the first time—on the place of execution, where the headsman's understrappers hold him fast, that he may not turn his eyes away from the quivering corpse of his father. It was the weak-minded Philip V. of Spain, who by such means suppressed the insurrectionary spirit on the isle of Sicily, which had been annexed to his kingdom; and Astorga's father had been one of the heads of the party who had drawn sword for the independence of the island. The mother broke her heart. Of the son the tradition runs, that for weeks long in a state of benumbed unconsciousness he had not left the place of horror, and the image of his

youthful sorrow threatened to work upon the sensuously excitable Sicilians even more powerfully than the terror of the execution. Then the Countess Ursini, the celebrated first lady of the queen's, or more properly of the king's, household, had him taken away and carried to the monastery at Astorga in Spain.

To this must we attribute this musician's pale face between the black locks; to this the soft breath of sadness resting upon all his works. But here at the very root, too, the melancholy trait in Astorga's compositions distinguishes itself from the sentimentality in the works of most of the modern artists—with pale faces. He had actually lived through a tragical fate; he had "made his little songs" out of his own most real "great sorrows.*" It was not the hospital air of the

* "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder." —Heins.

study chamber, but the anguish of a terrible historical moment, that lay so pale upon his cheeks.

Over the beginning and end of his life the deepest obscurity reigns. We do not even know his real name. King Philip had broken up his family arms, confiscated his estates, and the family name of the outlaw has vanished and become forgotten. From the silent cloister, where Emanuel won in Art new courage to endure life, he took the name of Astorga. The wrath of the king at least could not prevent the son of the executed nobleman from winning for his new name an artistic patent of nobility, which enabled him to brook the extermination of his old name. Equal obscurity rests over the end of the master. He is supposed to have retired into some Bohemian monastery, no one knows what, and there to have died, no one knows when. And between this mysterious entrance and exit lies a romance.

From the Spanish monastery Astorga had gone to the court of the duke of Parma, where he found hospitable reception and could live for the art of song, which had brought health back to him. Here the poetic youth got entangled in a love relation with the daughter of the prince, almost like that which Goethe has described in "Tasso." Astorga was not less unhappy, and yet happier than Tasso. The Duke, when he saw through the thing, sent him to Vienna, the most musical court of that time; and so the artist, for the lover's sake, was led forth into the great musical world, and the sacrifice of a passion nipped in the bud brought him an excellent Art school. The imperial residence at Vienna was at that time a true arena for every capable musician. The Kapelle (orchestra) of Leopold I. numbered nearly a hundred men. The emperor himself examined its members; he seems often to have forgotten the study of political for that of musical counterpoint, and to have been more at home among his musicians than among his ministers. When he perceived that his hour was nearly come, he summoned his Kapelle to his bed-side and so died in the middle of a concert.

The unfortunate Sicilian nobleman found a

friendly asylum at the tuneful court of Leopold, and the Emperor honored him with his personal intercourse. After his death, Astorga went out into the wide world and travelled through the half of Europe on an artistic pilgrimage of years. It was a very aristocratic Art journey. For the most part the composer stopped in princely houses. Everywhere he left the fame of his genius behind him, but only a single time in his life did he come out before the public in the production of an operetta.

While he saw so many cities and countries, he still veiled his face before his native land and was never willing to see it again. But although the singer wished to forget his island home, he never could deny it. In the soft, melodious, curly waves of the rondos of his chamber cantatas the well-known Sicilian popular airs are heard again. There it seems as if the *Siciliano*, that prototype of the gently gliding rhythm of the graceful six-eight measure, had unconsciously rung in the composer's ears. It seems to us not seldom in these love-songs of Astorga, as if we heard the *O sanctissima* of the Sicilian mariner, to which the oars gently beat time, while the tepid evening breeze wafts the tremulous expiring sounds away over the boundless surface of the tranquil sea.

Criticism has doubted the authenticity of many of these details in the romance of Astorga's life. It has found in it too little prose, too little of the *Philister* element, to see the stamp of credibility. The scanty remains of Astorga's works furnish evidence of the genuineness of these details, at least so far as melodies and harmonies can witness to the facts of outward life.

It is perhaps more than a play of accident, that Astorga in his noble *Stabat Mater* has strangely set the passage: "*Fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria*" in the minor. Is it not the soul steeped in sorrow, consecrated to Art by the depth of misfortune, which even in the glory of Paradise cannot suppress an echo of yearning sadness? And then the passage where it reads, that a sword has passed through the sighing heart of the Mother of God! *Pertransivit gladius!* The basses at these words stalk on demoniacally in chromatic passages against the billowy upper voices; they cut as with a sword of sharpness into their web. Few composers in this passage, which has been composed innumerable times, so send the martyr feeling through the bone and marrow of the hearer, as the otherwise so mild Astorga. This is the sword that went through the young man's soul on the place of execution, when it severed his father's life; and perhaps he has here unconsciously set the history of his own agony in notes.

Another great church work of the master, his *Requiem*, is so far only discovered in fragments. Cloud upon cloud hides the story of this man; but the little that we know and possess of him with certainty, is so precious, that it makes us long to explore that which is in the dark and lost.

* Born, some say, in 1681, in Sicily, and died (it is not known where) in 1736.—Ta.

We alluded above to Astorga's chamber cantatas. Such a *Cantata a voce sola* out of the pig-tail period is for the most part a dry-rattling pastoral love music, an endless sigh of love all curled up into trills and *floriture*. Everlastingly the same litany of infidelity and treachery and terrible love torment in the minor, or, on the other hand, of inexpressible bliss of love in the major. Such Cantatas are then—literally—tediousness set to notes. For the most part therefore they look not merely old-fashioned, but repulsively wrinkled and grizzled. It is as if Methuselah should make a bleating confession of love to a fresh blooming maid of seventeen. In Astorga's Cantatas the verses are as trite as in the rest; and the stiff, awkward form is adhered to. But we forget both in the deep, warm glow of soul gushing from the tones that float over the meagre texts. Like a Murillo compared to the late Italian painters of the seventeenth century, Astorga's chamber music contrasts with the works of that kind by the otherwise kindred masters of the Neapolitan school. It is the musical Tasso, dreaming of his Leonora at the court of Parma, that meets us in these love hymns; not the stiff schoolmaster Nicolo Porpora, writing *solfeggi* upon vows of love. It is the romantic glow, the burning tone of color of the Southron, that so sharply distinguishes Astorga from most of his contemporaries and brings him so near to the present. But with all the glow of passion he never renounces the musical aristocrat, the gentle dignity, the fine, high-bred reserve in all his forms of Art.

Perhaps no two characters can be found in the whole history of music which stand in sharper contrast to each other than Wenzel Müller and Astorga. It may seem an odd idea to name the two together. But both were *natures* in the full sense of the word; both original, genial, only wide apart as the poles in ends and means; both genuine artistic characters. Müller wrote for the people, Astorga for the select circle of the poetically initiated; the latter was a lonely spirit, the former lived in the mass. Müller is no longer much esteemed, because he was too popular; Astorga is but little more known, because he was too aristocratic. Both are ignored by the pig-tails of the school: Astorga, because he has too much poetry for them; Müller, because he has too much nature for them. Astorga remained isolated in his activity; Müller saw himself surrounded by numerous pupils. The latter led the life of a respectable common-place citizen; the former was flung fighting and struggling from adventure to adventure. Of the circumstances of Müller's life we know almost nothing, nor do we lose much thereby, since we know so much the more of his labors; of Astorga's destinies much more is known, but so much the less of his creations.

The silent joy, the painfully smothered ecstasy, the secret Columbus-like consciousness of the lover of Art, who amid a heap of trashy paintings suddenly discovers a masterwork veiled by the smut of centuries, has been often enough described both seriously and in jest. The enthusiast becomes a child again; the Christmas joy of long vanished years springs into new life. This I could perceive in myself when, amongst the musical manuscripts which I obtained from an old Dutch collection, I found a couple of "new" Cantatas by Astorga, in fact those very love songs of

the Tasso of Parma, of which I have been speaking. If one had discovered similar buried treasures of poetical literature, the first thought would be to publish them. With musical treasures on the contrary that is the last thought. There is no longer a whole edition of men able to pay,* who would take interest in an Astorga. The thought that you possess all alone a masterpiece, and can enjoy it all alone, has also a high charm, though to be sure somewhat egotistical. Not long ago, on the hundredth anniversary of the death of the great Sebastian Bach, the pride of the German nation, a Bach Society had to be founded, to render it in that way possible, by subscription, after a hundred years, to present the works of the national master, complete and correct, for once, to the nation! To this shamefully mortifying example no other art offers a counterpart.

It has always seemed to us a monstrous shame when we remarked, how recently a church aria of Stradella came to be assiduously sung in concerts, merely because it occurred to a libretto poet to travesty an anecdote from the life of that old musician in the form of an opera. Now all at once the long forgotten Stradella became attractive; people were curious to know how the man actually sung, who now treads the stage as such a sentimental *tenore amoroso*.

Admirers of Astorga have within a few years, had his noblest work, the *Stabat Mater*, engraved, not for the sake of gain, but to gratify their own enthusiasm enough to kindle something of the same in others.† No publisher's name appears on the title page of the score; it is only decorated by a simple cross.

It is the cross, to which the ideal tone-poetry of the olden time has been nailed by modern music-makers!

* Chorus (of thriving music-publishers and impresarios): Why the deuce do you write about him then, you fool? The pay, the pay's the thing, wherewith we catch, &c.—Tr.

† Robert Franz, the admirable arranger and editor of so many of the Bach Cantatas, has recently done the same service for Astorga's *Stabat Mater*.—Tr.

Otto Nicolai.

(Continued from page 308)

Precisely at this time, Berlin was at a very high, if not, indeed, the highest point of its musical glory. The Opera, and the performances of the artists there, under the dictatorial power of Spontini, enjoyed a world-wide renown; while the Singacademie, under the management of Zelter, and also, the latter's "Liedertafel," were extremely celebrated. To these must be added the "Sinfoniesoireen," less indebted for their reputation to the leading musician, connected with them, namely the *Concertmeister*, Moser, than to their programmes and the way in which those programmes were carried out. There were, also, carefully executed concerts of Chamber-Music given by the most distinguished of the local artists. No virtuoso of importance omitted visiting Berlin, but, on the contrary, every such one considered it most meritorious to add a new leaf to its wreath of glory. Round about all that was done by the musicians in question were grouped, too, men like Bernh. Klein, Felix Mendelssohn, G. Meyerbeer, Ludwig Berger, A. B. Marx, Romberg, Reilstab, Ries, and many more, who cast on the capital a lustre seen far and wide.

It was with a beating heart that, on a fine day in October, 1827, Otto Nicolai drove through the Prenzlau Gate, and the streets of Berlin, teeming with busy, never-ending life. Yet a series of happier and more hopeful days, awaking in his breast every noble aspiration and effort, was then beginning for him. He immediately delivered the letters of recommendation which he

had received from Herr Adler and other patrons. These letters, in the first instance, procured him the protection of a very estimable family, and then, a fact of the highest importance for him, introduced him to the celebrated masters: Klein, Berger, and Zelter, under whom he began and continued, with the greatest assiduity, his theoretical musical studies. Of these three especially kind-hearted and amiable men, he gained more particularly the good-will and affections of the last in a high degree. To this he owed not alone his remarkable progress in music, but innumerable favors. Zelter improved his voice, and then introduced him as a bass-singer into the Singacademie, where he was fond of frequently entrusting him with little solos, though he commanded the services of many other members possessed of undoubtedly superior powers. He would fain, also, have secured his favorite for his Liedertafel, but his desire was effectually thwarted by the strict statutes of that society, and, despite his absolutism as director, he could not subvert them for the sake of one person. The number of members was limited to twenty-four, and, therefore, the number of candidates anxious to belong to the society so large that they had to wait years before they could be admitted. In consequence of this and other obstacles, Zelter afterwards encouraged young Nicolai to establish an independent society, which, under Zelter's directions, was soon brought into working order, and met, under Nicolai, every week in the *Englisches Haus*. Nicolai wrote for it several vocal quartets, the society, as a rule, and in imitation of Zelter's Liedertafel, singing no music, and, if possible, no words, but what was written by some of its members. (See Nicolai, Op. 4, 6, 9, 10, 17, etc.)

Thanks, also, to the kindness evinced for him by Zelter, who was now often to be seen in his young friend's company when taking his once solitary walks, Nicolai formed many interesting acquaintanceships, and was admitted into many excellent families. Foremost among these may be mentioned the family of Herr Rintel, *Sanitätsrath* (officer of the Board of Health,) and Zelter's son-in-law, where music was lovingly and tenderly fostered.

Nicolai took advantage, moreover, of the first part of his residence in Berlin to do what he had long neglected doing, that is, to go through a regular course of reading such as is pursued at the Gymnasiums. This brought him into contact with Professor Fischer, an excellent teacher at the Graues Kloster, and also a highly respectable composer. Under him were the gymnasial singing-classes. He made young Nicolai, whose musical talent did not escape his penetrating glance, a member of the model singing-class, as it was called, which met every Thursday from five to six in the afternoon, and was accompanied in its practice by Royal chamber-musicians. In this class, where only a few exceedingly good singers were admitted, Nicolai became acquainted with Ferdinand Gumbert, then nine years old, afterwards celebrated as a lyric composer, and whose magnificent soprano voice produced a deep impression on him. He often sang in the class, as well as at Herr Rintel's, duets with Gumbert, and these had something to do with his subsequent partiality for composing duets to be sung by soprano and bass.* One of his most favorite works at that period was Romberg's "Glocke." The two, when well-known and popular composers, afterwards renewed their acquaintance in Vienna, and mutually recalled with pleasure these happy days of their youth. The mode in which Nicolai sang Zelter's ballads, generally written for a bass, as well as his solos at the performances of the Singacademie, even then rendered him well known and popular as a vocalist.†

In proportion as his musical knowledge increased under the guidance of his teachers, he began to turn it to material account, and, after no very long period, had the satisfaction of becoming a

* See Nicolai, Op. 2, 14, 15, 23.

† It is remarkable that, in his sketch already quoted, Kapper should assert that Nicolai had no talent for singing. We can only suppose that, later in life, Nicolai never used his voice, and that this caused Kapper to make such an assertion.

highly esteemed pianoforte and singing master, enjoying the most influential patronage.

But his talent for composition, also, now began to be manifested in the most gratifying manner, and to seek a vent in pianoforte pieces and songs. Even the Duet for Soprano and Bass, Op. 2, published as a first work, by Bechtold and Hartje, met with an encouraging reception. The most respectable critical paper of Berlin, the *Berliner Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, which then, under Marx's direction, stood very high, spoke thus in No. 50, for the year 1830: "The little work, which is *very well* and *correctly* composed, will, without putting forth, or pretending to satisfy, any great pretensions, be welcomed by many singers. It may be had also in written orchestral parts." The copyright passed into the hands of Whistling of Leipzig, after the failure of the original publishers. This duet, as likewise six "*Dances brillantes*," under the title: "*Souvenir de Lutzkau*,"[†] Berlin, Bethge, were gradually followed by songs, duets, and vocal quartets, creating a more and more favorable impression.

Even then his undoubted talent for vocal compositions was everywhere apparent. While his pianoforte productions, though as a rule admirably worked out, never rose to the height of anything extraordinary, he has left behind him in his vocal works a treasure progressing in value as it went on. In the first period, embracing his first residence in Berlin, that is to say: till about the year, 1833, of his smaller efforts (we will return to the larger ones presently) it was more especially his duets which placed his talent for composition in the strongest light, and, at the same time, afforded evidence of his skill in treating the different voices artistically. The melodious duet, Op. 2, already mentioned: "Wenn sanft des Abends Lüfte säuseln," is still a favorite with many singers, so that the present publisher, Herr Heinrichshofen, has thought it worth while to bring out a new and elegant edition. Of the other songs of the same kind, we would direct especial attention to the duet, full of deep feeling: "Selig wer liebt" (Op. 14, No. 1.) wherein the different renderings of these words by the soprano and the bass are very finely and cleverly conceived. In No. 2 of this work: "Auf ewig dein," we would point to the fiery passion with which the soprano first recites strophe for strophe, while the bass follows in melodious sequences, both uniting in the refrain of good wishes. The concluding verse in G minor is characteristic, melting into a deliciously charming accompaniment in G major. "Rastlose Liebe," too, Op. 23, is admirable for its warmth of passion, and blends very beautifully art and melody.

But the severe and strict tendencies of his teachers, especially Klein and Zelter, directed his attention to the graver subjects in Art, and thus most of his compositions of that time belong to the sacred style. Most of them are still unpublished, and, at a later epoch, found in their composer their most austere judge. He afterwards, as Kapper informs us, produced only a psalm, but with great success, at Vienna, and, having most carefully touched it up in MS., dedicated a Mass to the King of Prussia, which, probably, had something to do with his subsequent appointment as head of the cathedral choir in Berlin.

But, at a concert in the Englisches Haus, in April, 1833, and at a performance of sacred music in the Garrison Church, the following month, when artists from the Royal Operahouse and the Königsstadt Theatre effectively supported him, Nicolai gave the general public, also, a brilliant proof of the progress he had made in all the above-mentioned branches of his art. Thus the *Freimüthige* says in its No. 78 of that year: "Otto Nicolai's concert was well attended and well got up. The young concert-giver appeared as *composer, singer, and pianist*, and in all three characters exhibited remarkable talent. That, in addition to his own compositions, he should select pieces by Mozart and Beethoven, and not, as is usually the case, sacrifice to the taste of the

day at the expense of Art, deserves being mentioned."

It was at this period, too, that Nicolai composed a very spirited Hymn with brass accompaniment. The junior Artistic Association (Kunstlerverein) produced it, on the 16th April, 1833, at the Englisches Haus, on the occasion of the Dürer Festival, when it was most favorably received.

We cannot part from Nicolai's successful creative efforts during this first period without mentioning three important works, which had the principal share in establishing his reputation and position in Berlin, and which even attracted the attention of the King, who gave the young composer a ring of brilliants as a mark of his favor, and subsequently facilitated his career, by the appointment at Rome. They were a "Te Deum," commenced when he was still under the influence of Klein, "as a thanksgiving for the disappearance of the cholera from Prussia" (completed March, 1832); a Symphony in four movements; and a "Christmas Overture" ("Weihnachtsoverture,") publicly performed at the Singacademie and in the Garrison Church. They were most kindly and encouragingly received by the public and all the critics, and evoked numerous signs of extraordinary interest, in which the art-loving public of Leipzig, also, joined, when the last-named work was performed in that city on the 18th December, 1834.

We have now to speak of a period in Nicolai's life, when his feelings of gratitude towards his benefactors received more than one wound. Just as in life hours of merriment and hours of sorrow not only quickly alternate but actually come together, and as Chance, in her fits of caprice, frequently does not disdain to paint upon the most gloomy background the most grotesque figures, so did events succeed each other in those happy days of youthful dreams, when the dreamer revelled in the sweetest hopes for the future—in those hours of inward satisfaction and elevation, when everyone regarded with respect Nicolai's youthful talent, which exhibited in his works not only deep poetical conception, but a thoroughly educated musical taste, rare qualities which could belong only to some one extraordinary in Art. In the midst of this felicity, he lost, on the 15th May, 1832, his fatherly friend and teacher, Zelter, and, scarcely four months afterwards, on the 9th September, Bernhard Klein, to whom he owed the scientific foundation on which his talent for composition reposed. They died, the one an old man, the other full of health and strength. Both were regretted by the entire world of Art, of which they were worthy members, but by none more deeply and more sincerely than by Nicolai, on whom the loss of each produced a marked effect, even interrupting his usual exertions. All the sufferings of his youth were revived within him, and when once these serious chords had been struck, they re-echoed for a long time through his subsequent life. Perhaps we may date from this epoch the dissatisfaction always remarked by his intimate friends, and which, even in the happiest moments, and many such, thanks to Fate, were in store for him, embittered every pleasure. Very frequently, when, as he could be, he was merry even to extravagance, he would burst out into the opposite extreme of melancholy dejection, and punish himself with the words: "Fool that I am! How could I so far again forget myself! I, of all men in the world, have no right to do so!" In fact, he was fond, on every occasion, of taking the most melancholy view of life, and hence the striking alternations of merriment and depression, for which people could frequently assign no valid reason. Poor Nicolai, it was not your life but your soul which resembled the mournful pictures you so often painted for your own torment, only that your good genius developed out of them the most lovely blossoms and fruit. In this state, humbled and sorrowful, he again made an attempt to renew his intercourse with his father, and was so delighted when he succeeded, and he visited him in Posen in 1832, that he cast off the lethargy and sadness with which he had been afflicted for months, and devoted himself with all his energies to his duty as a teacher, nay: felt his vocation

for it doubly strong. It was an attempt, though he himself was not clearly conscious of its being so, to fill up the void left by Klein, who was unrivalled in his scientific knowledge, that induced him to announce, for the winter of 1832-33, private lectures on thorough-bass and composition. In the then dearth of really good theoretical teachers, these lectures would perhaps have been successful, if, a short time afterwards, his fate had not conducted Nicolai to a country where he was not above being again degraded into a pupil: Italy.

In Berlin Nicolai was a frequent visitor at the house of a very distinguished and clever lady, who collected around her all the literary and artistic celebrities. To her he was indebted for the acquaintance of the famous theologist Schleiermacher, in whose family he was appointed music-master. The circumstance proved of the greatest importance to him, as it was the means of introducing him to that clever antiquarian and enthusiastic champion of Protestantism, Herr Carl von Bunsen, then Prussian Ambassador to the Papal Court at Rome, whom political affairs had brought to Berlin. Herr von Bunsen's penetrating glance immediately enabled him to perceive the young artist's great talent, and he resolved to secure it for the furtherance of his plans which were directed to the improvement of Protestant church-music. It required no very powerful persuasion (for what artist's heart does not beat more quickly and more joyously when thinking of Italy, the cradle of Art?) to induce Nicolai to proceed to Rome, nor the exertion of all Herr von Bunsen's influence at Court to prevail on the King, already favorably disposed towards so promising an artist, to confer on him the post of organist in the Ambassador's Chapel in Rome. Thus we find the young musician, followed by the sincerest good wishes of his numerous friends, and by a flattering critical notice from the pen of Rellstab, on Sunday, the 8th December, 1833, on the road to Italy, where he was destined to pluck his first laurels. The course of his journey took him through Leipzig, Munich, and, by the Alps, through Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia.

Italy, as could not fail to be the case, worked upon the excitable young artist with all the power of the charm peculiar to it, and his surging feelings rose to enthusiasm amid the innumerable great and beautiful objects which the Eternal City, his new and enviable residence, contained within its limits. As a musician, he more especially took the deepest interest in St. Peter's, and the Sixtine Chapel, the innumerable and priceless manuscripts dating from the palmy days of strict sacred music, and, above all, in the Abate Giuseppe Baini, Director of the Papal Chapel, one of the most distinguished musical scholars of any period, whose strict severity and deep love of art stood out, compared with the frivolous doings of modern Italian musicians, almost like Trajan's Column, the Colosseum, the baths of Caracalla, &c., as the monumental remains of a better age. The three combined directed Nicolai's genius exclusively towards the most elevated aims. Under Baini's guidance he studied ancient sacred music in sources inaccessible to any one else, and open only to the Papal director, and commenced the foundation of that valuable collection of manuscripts on which, as they were obtained only by the most unremitting exertion, and frequently by pecuniary sacrifices almost beyond his means, he greatly prided himself as long as he lived. After his decease the majority—namely, eighty-two specimens of manuscript and exceedingly rare old printed compositions—went to the Royal Library, Berlin (according to a notice in the *Preuss. Staatsanzeiger*). At St. Peter's finally, while listening to the strains of the incomparable Sixtine, he studied psalmody, afterwards turning to account in the Berlin Cathedral Choir the experience he had gained from hearing Allegri's "Miserere," Palestrina's Masses, &c.

Though, when looking at the subsequent course of his development in Italy, we may deplore that any one endowed with such talent should have visited the Promised Land of Art so young, and

[†] Lutzkau, we are informed, is an estate belonging to the Bredow family, with a seign of which, George, Nicolai then contracted an intimate friendship, that lasted his life.

as a scholar as yet possessing too little energy to assert his idiosyncrasy, instead of sacrificing it entirely to the foreign element, we should remember two great characters, Mozart and Meyerbeer, who first visited Italy under similar circumstances and at the same age, and who nevertheless assimilated the new elements to their own originality, and thus created a separate style of art. Nicolai evidently attempted to do the same. He only partially effected his object, however; but then his life was a short one. How, to the surprise of all, he fell into a style so dissimilar to strict artistic tendencies, is what we shall show in the course of our sketch. We will, for the present, simply mention that it was not without pain that Baini perceived this revulsion in the development of his pupil's mind. He did not die till the 10th May, 1844, exactly five years before Nicolai.

That in his official capacity as organist, Nicolai, despite the miserable salary of thirteen scudi a month, neglected nothing, is a fact which it is almost superfluous to notice; punctuality and care in matters connected with his profession were virtues which not even his opponents ever dared deny him. His duties, however, took up so little of his time, that the situation seemed rather to exist for him instead of his existing for the situation. It afforded him, certainly, the opportunity of improving himself very considerably in organ-playing, so that in this particular, as in others, he increased his capabilities as a musician. But of more importance to him than all this were his relations with the head of the Embassy, who now commenced carrying out the plans he had conceived at the time of Nicolai's engagement in Berlin. To enter at length into Bunsen's connection with the religious reforms which had commenced in Prussia some years previously would lead us beyond the limits of our notice; but that the religious question then raised and so eagerly discussed possessed one of its main supports in Rome, and in Herr von Bunsen, is beyond a doubt. As far as the reforms affected music, this really indefatigable champion of Protestant churchship wished to evolve, out of the elements furnished by Roman Catholic art in its very focus, a new and original arrangement for divine service, and he hoped that, when its good points had been seen at Berlin, this arrangement would be generally introduced into his native land. Hence springs the liturgy, in many respects peculiar, of the Ambassador's Chapel at Rome, Nicolai having actively contributed his share by composing liturgies, motets, and psalms. Indeed, this was the most fertile part of his life as far as sacred music went. In his situations at Vienna and Berlin, he drew, as a rule, from this source, and, at most, merely re-modelled this or that work.

A young German, zealous in his art and enjoying the highest patronage, could not fail to obtain admission into many distinguished families. The result of his new connections was the gradual abandonment of the old Berlin connections, which he had kept up by correspondence.—Only on hearing that there had been published in Germany, and what is more in Berlin, a book on Italy; that this book had become notorious on account of its gross misrepresentations; and that its author, a musician named G. Nicolai, had, on account of numerous points of resemblance, been set down as Nicolai himself, facts which rendered him uneasy about his reputation at home, was he induced to break silence, and, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of the 11th December, 1835, publish a letter, which, on account of want of space, we unfortunately cannot give in its entirety, and which sufficiently characterizes his irritability and passionate warmth of temper.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH AND POLYPHEMUS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Hats off, gentlemen—a Genius!" quoth a friend of Robert Schumann, when introducing some new music by Chopin, the composer. Well, if one is to take one's hat off in reverence to Chopin, one ought to go upon one's knees, at least, when hearing Handel. So, open Sesame, young Cerberus, and let me squeeze in somewhere to perform my genuflection, if you can't find me a seat. Thus spoke the Great

Punch at the Little Handel Festival, which was held the other day in the Crystal Palace Concert-room; and his magnificent humility so moved the stern policeman that an extra chair was placed, on this occasion only, in the gorgeous private box.

My eye, what a crowd! was Mr. Punch's classic thought, as he placidly surveyed the worshippers of Handel, who had made a special pilgrimage all the way to Sydenham to listen to his songs. Three thousand chairs at least were all as full as coat-tails and crinolines could make them, and there were hundreds of legs standing at the sides and in the doorways, that the ears which they belonged to might hear *Acis* once again. Once again! ah, yes, alas! *oime! cheu fugaces!* I remember, I remember, years ago at Drury Lane, Once I heard delightful *Acis*—now I hear it once again. Priscilla Horton then was *Acis*, and how sprightly she was looking, and how splendidly she sang! And how all the town was talking of the Clarkson Stanfield scenery, and especially the moving waves that, with innumerable murmurs, broke upon the stage! By Jove, too, I remember that dear glorious old Stanny did it all for love, and wouldn't take a penny from Macready for his work. I should like to see such artists nowadays, by Jove! To shew my admiration, I'd let 'em draw for Punch upon precisely the same terms.

Thus prattling to himself, Mr. Punch had no great trouble in employing the few minutes ere the overture commenced. Then for an hour and three-quarters, excepting to cry "Bravo!" once or twice to *Polyphemus*, he never spoke one word. *Intonus aures tenebat*, and he sucked in the sweet sounds as greedily as aldermen might swallow those of codfish. With a fair quartet of singers, and a not too noisy band, his rapturous enjoyment was undisturbed throughout, until the final chorus, when some fiends in human form came pushing at his knees in their snobbish scramble out. Mr. Punch intends to stamp out these offensive pests, and he was pleased to put his foot down on the dress of one vile snob, to whom he offers no apology for the sounding rent he made. One male snob feebly pleaded that he had to catch a train to take him home in time for dinner, as if a man had any right or reason to feel hungry, after such a feast of the "rare roast beef of music" as old Handel had been giving him! Better starve, than scramble, snob. Hunger is surely no excuse for selfish rudeness.

At Sydenham every Saturday, by paying half-a-crown you may enjoy a charming Concert, which, a score of years ago, you must have paid a guinea for. "Think of that, Master Brook," as you sit over your claret; and drink success to Mr. Manns, the Crystal caterer of music. Remembering how many pleasant afternoons we owe to him, Mr. Punch, who has not "showered off" yet, will join you in the toast. Mr. Manns, Sir, here is your good health and all your family's, and may your pleasant Winter Concerts live long-while and prosper!—Punch.

DR. ALOYS SCHMIDT, the pianist and composer, died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine on the 26th ult., aged 78. He was born in 1789 at Erlenbach, on the Maine, and was carefully instructed in music and likewise elementary science by his father, who was himself an organist. In his eleventh year, he went to the then celebrated teacher of composition, Herr André, at Offenbach, and remained in his house five years. He then first settled as a teacher in Frankfort. Some years afterwards, he went, for a short time, to Berlin, and thence to Hanover, where he had been appointed Court-Organist. He appears, however, not to have felt particularly comfortable in that position, for he resigned it in 1829, and returned to Frankfort, which city he never again left. Among his published compositions are Symphonies and Overtures; String Quartets and String Trios; Concertos for Pianoforte; Etudes for Pianoforte; a great many Rondos, Variations, and other small pieces for the Piano, and songs for one or more voices. He wrote, also, the oratorios, *Moses and Ruth*, and the operas, *Das Osterfest zu Paderborn*, *Die Tochter der Wüste*, *Valeria*, and *Der Doppelprozess*. He was no genius, but a thoroughly sound musician and a well-educated man. His son, George Aloys, has been *Capellmeister* in Schwerin since 1856.

Rational Recreation.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Not very long ago I "assisted," as people say when they want to Frenchify our language, at a very curious exhibition, the *locus in quo* of which was the large room in St. James's Hall, pronounced by judges more competent than myself to be one of the most spacious in London. On the usual platform stood a piano, an urbane-looking gentleman, marked

by the characteristics proper to exhibitors in general, and a black boy of an exceedingly repulsive appearance. The earlier part of the entertainment I had missed, not at all to my regret, and at the moment of my arrival the exhibitor was informing the audience that the black boy, who rejoiced in the appellation of "Blind Tom," was about to give a most extraordinary proof of his genius by executing three tunes simultaneously, one with his right hand, one with his left, and the third with his voice, and that to render the exploit still more wonderful, the three tunes would be in as many different keys. The task was performed with terrible conscientiousness, and made me think of Dr. Johnson's regret that the performance of a certain sonata or fantasia was not quite instead of almost impossible. Nor was the performance more agreeable to the sight than the music was to the ear. Tom professed—I have no doubt with perfect truth—to be both blind and idiotic, and the roll of his sightless eyes, together with the senseless grin of his thick lips, made up as revolting a spectacle as one would wish to avoid. Not caring to look at him too long, I glanced at a little book which I had taken at the door, and which purported to contain the opinion of the English and American press; and then I read the dictum of some transatlantic sage, who explained how the musical genius of "Blind Tom" first came to light, and shrewdly hinted that a being so lavishly endowed by nature with an exceptional gift could not be such an idiot after all. My ability to follow this chain of reasoning was somewhat hampered by an illiberal suspicion that a creature really blessed with a musical instinct would rather keep safely within the grooves of harmony than voluntarily jerk out of them, and take for his model that form of combination which in the days of my youth was called a "Dutch concert," when the cessation of discordant sounds caused me to look once more at the platform. There I beheld "Blind Tom" clapping his hands with all his might, evidently delighted with his own performance, and with the large amount of pleasure which, I am bound to say, he afforded to his audience.

Among the wonders that followed was what the exhibitor considered a proof that Dame Nature, who, by the way, has a great deal to answer for, has bestowed upon her dusky favorite a knowledge of "absolute pitch." The keys on the piano, it seems, had been associated in the boy's mind with more letters of the alphabet than are included in the octave, so that while the lower notes might still be called by the proper name, those higher in the scale were exalted to the dignity of being dubbed X, Y, Z. By this expedient the boy is enabled to show his power of recognizing notes in a manner thoroughly intelligible to that ever popular idol, "the meanest capacity." If, when the exhibitor had struck a key, Tom had merely declared that it was C sharp, forty-nineths of the audience would not have known whether he was right or wrong; but when he affirmed that three notes successively struck spelled "H A T, hat," and thus correctly designated an object held up by one of the audience, his proficiency could not be ignored. This part of the entertainment would have been much more interesting if the exhibitor had described the process by which the piano had been tuned to "absolute pitch," so as to satisfy the mysterious instinct awakened within the soul of "Blind Tom."

Now, Sir, allow me to correct an erroneous impression which I am certain I have made on my readers. They, and perhaps you, think that when at the beginning of my letter I spoke of a "very curious exhibition," I referred to the performance of the inspired negro. Nothing of the kind. That blindness is not a fatal bar to musical proficiency is so well established a fact that the ancient minstrel would hardly have been deemed in proper trim if he had had the full use of his eyes. Scarcely less recognized is the fact that mechanical dexterity is perfectly compatible with idiocy. Indeed, when a boy has an abnormal genius for watchmaking, or something of the kind, it is rather probable than otherwise that he will prove to be the "fool of the family." No, Sir; to me the curiosity was not the performance of a blind idiot on and to the piano, but the assemblage of people who, for two good hours carved out of the solid afternoon, gaped on him with admiration and delight: a numerous body, Sir, of well-dressed persons, rather elderly than otherwise, intensely respectable, with not one particle of the lounging in their appearance, but distinguished by an air of business-like solemnity and decorum.

On what principle, I asked myself, could these worthy persons, who, if physiognomy is at all to be trusted, were of anything but a light and frivolous disposition, and whose school bills must have been heavy in the days of their youth—on what principle could they cheerfully devote two hours of precious

time to the contemplation of such a performance as was taking place on the platform? The black boy, in the strictly musical portion of his entertainment, showed considerable power of execution—enough, perhaps, to make one regret that his talent was chiefly directed to mere tricks, if one did not reflect that tricks may be more profitable than displays of art; but it was certainly not as a pianist that he drew together the admiring throng. The combination of a black face, an uncouth figure, an idiotic grin, a faculty for a sort of musical conjuring, and a new method of telling the world, with less solemnity than a rapping spirit, that the letters H A T spell "hat," was the cause of attraction and the source of delight.

We hear a good deal about the distinction between amusements suitable for the educated classes and those suited to the ignoble multitude; and in the old days of fairs and shows a mere *homo naturæ* had charms for the merest plebeian only. But what shall we say when we find "Blind Tom's" performance afford two hours' entertainment to a decidedly "gentle" and select assembly! I am not a democrat, but with the fact I have just described fresh in my mind, I cannot refrain from a suspicion that if the amusements of the rich are compared with those of the less opulent, the former will frequently turn out to be the inferior of the two. Certain I am that at the Polytechnic, the patrons of which may fairly represent an intelligent middle-class, "Blind Tom" would only be accepted as a small item in a programme otherwise composed of a copiously illustrated lecture by Professor Pepper, a ghost on a new principle, a grand comic pantomime performed in dissolving views, and half-a-dozen miscellaneous amusements besides.

Yours respectfully,
A PICCADILLY LOUNGER.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

OPERA COMIQUE. Of the recent revival of Méhul's "Joseph and his Brothers," the *Orchestra* correspondent writes:

I should like to know the exact definition of the term "Opera Comique;" for although I am of the French-Frenchy, I admit that I never could understand what it really meant. I am aware that it is generally supposed to indicate that the musical portions of the works are interspersed with dialogue; but, if that is the only signification of the phrase, I humbly ask why the word "comique" should be considered necessary. Herold's "Zampa" is not "comique," Auber's "Haydée" wants only Recitative in place of Dialogue to make it a grand opera; "Le Pré aux Clercs," "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine," "Clari," "Marie," "Richard" and many others, do not derive their chief interest from the "comic" element they may contain. I know that light and amusing works formed the stock repertoire of the Opera Comique in former ages, but now that the "Maitre de Chapelle," the "Visitandines," "Le Postillon" &c., no longer keep entire hold on the stage, and have at least three-fourths of their former places taken up by "lyric dramas," in which every dark crime from burglary to double assassination is freely introduced, perhaps in this go-a-head age we may hope to see a change in the name of the theatre: and then the confiding stranger who, on the strength of the words "Opera Comique," written in letters of brass on that building's stony front, enters the portals under the impression that he is going to have a good laugh, will not suffer the disappointment of having to sit through Méhul's biblical work entitled "Joseph," instead of an amusing and really comic opera.

It is not that I wish you to imagine that the music does not deserve notice. On the contrary: it is perhaps the best work of one of the greatest musicians France ever produced. But it is not an opera. Monsieur Gounod would call it a "Petit Oratorio," and Monsieur Gounod would be right. The love-element so necessary in an opera is discarded, and for a good reason: for the only episode in Joseph's life touching that subject would not answer on the stage; and so the author of the libretto, M. Alexandre Duval, took his story from the time when "Jacob knew that there was corn in Egypt." But I need not trouble you longer on the subject of the book, although its writer was an *Académicien*, and come at once to the music. "Joseph" was given for the first time in 1807; the principal parts were cast to MM. Ellevion (Joseph), Gavaudan (Simeon), Solié (Jacob) and Mme. Gavaudan (Benjamin). These same parts were filled the other night by MM. Capoul, Ponchard, Bataille, and Mlle. Roze. At the first per-

formance the opera was hardly successful, and it had been a great favorite in Germany, for many years before it was well appreciated here. Méhul had already given several operas. He was born in 1763, and was the son of a poor cook; he stood scarcely any chance of obtaining the education necessary to ensure his progress in the path he had chosen. His only professor was an old blind musician, who was the parish organist of Givers (Ardennes) where Méhul was born. However he worked his way up, and at ten years of age was organist of the Récollets. He then spent some years at the abbey of Valdeuil, and came to Paris in 1778. After publishing a few instrumental pieces (1781) with doubtful success he gave "Euphrasie et Corradin" in 1790 at the Opera Comique (the duet *Gardez-vous de la jalouse* is a model of its kind). Then came "Cora" and in 1794, "Stratonice," remarkable for a very fine quartet. I pass over many other operas, merely noticing that one, "La Chasse du Jeune Henri," was completely condemned without fair hearing before the first act was half done. For some time after this Méhul worked at the organization of the Conservatoire, and re-appeared as a dramatic composer, in 1799 only, with "Ariodant," a successful work. In 1801 he changed his style, and gave us "L'Irato," a lighter work, evidently moulded on the operas of Pasiello and Cimarosa. "Joseph," as I mentioned above, was produced in 1807, and was almost his last success, for his other operas, such as "Les Amazones," &c., were heavy, and "La Journée aux Aventures," given only a short time before his death (1817), was the only good thing he composed after it. The musician's share of work in the opera comique (if I must call it so) has been well done. Joseph's admirable air at the beginning, "Vainement Pharaon," the Romance "A peine au sortir de l'enfance," the air for Simeon (the penitent brother), "Je suis puni par le Seigneur," the splendid prayer of the guilty brethren, "Pardonnez nous mon père," the Invocation to the Most High, and the duet for Jacob and Benjamin are each and all of them simply chefs d'œuvre. M. Capoul as Joseph sang all the tender parts of his role with much sweetness, but was perhaps a shade too effeminate. He ought to remember that Joseph was a great man and a law-giver, and not always make him crying after "papa." M. Ponchard played Simeon, the repentant brother, very fairly. We could not hear his singing; not that I complain of it. Bataille was a really fine Jacob, and Mlle. Roze was not at all like Benjamin, unless Benjamin was like a ballet girl, and I have no authority for believing that. *Somme toute*—Fine music, execution generally fair, success doubtful.

The two musical events which are looked forward to in Paris are the production of the two grand operas by Verdi and Gounod. The Italian and French composers are thus brought into immediate contact—the two schools will be in close collision. Verdi again will try his fortune at the French Imperial Opera House, and Gounod will raise his banner at the Lyrique, where his "Medecin malgré lui" and his *Faust* have placed his name on the pinnacle of Fame's temple.

Another interesting item for Paris is the preparation for the renewal of Gluck's *Alceste*, at the Grand Opera, Berlioz having undertaken to superintend the rehearsals.

"Don Carlos" has been set *en train* at the Opera. The Maestro Verdi has read through the parts with the principal interpreters, who are Mme. Sass (Elizabeth de Valois), Mme. Gueymard (La Duchesse d'Eboli), M. Morere (Don Carlos), Faure (Le Marquis de Posa), David and Belval (The Grand Inquisitor and a Monk). M. Bagier has the two theatres of Paris and Madrid for the season. His list is not yet out, but I hear that he has signed with Mlle. Lagrue, that Fraschini, Delle Sedie and Agnesi are retained, and Patti.

Auber's charming opera, *Haydée* has been reprised at the Opera Comique, with Mlle. Dupuy and M. Achard in the principal characters. It was the three hundredth representation of *Haydée* at this theatre, where it was first produced, and the music sounded as fresh and exquisite as the first night it was heard. Mme. Marie Cabel has made her *reentrée* in the *Amazones*, and had a most enthusiastic reception. M. Bagier has nearly completed his engagements for the Theatre Italien. For the Opera at Madrid the *troupe* is quite made up. It includes Mlles. Adeline Patti, Lagrue, Calderon, Castri, Zeiss, Llanes, Rosa Formi, and Mme. Borghi-Mamo; Signors Pancani, Nicolini, Galvani, and Fraschini, as tenors; Signors Cresci, Verger, and Agnesi, baritones; and Signors Selva, Dobbers, and Vairo, basses. M. Leopold Ketten, formerly accompanist at the Theatre Lyrique, who is said to have a beautiful tenor voice and an excellent method, is also engaged.—At the Theatre-Lyrique a

new tenor, M. Laurent, has made his *début* in the character of the King in *Richard Cœur de Lion* with legitimate success. On the same evening Mlle. Adelaide Cornelis made her first appearance as Antonio.

LONDON. For a month or two the only music in the great metropolis, of higher grade than "Musie Halls," has been that of Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts, with his great orchestra, à la Jullien, in Covent Garden. Our facetious friend of the *Musical World* says of them (we beg pardon for prancing away some of his funny parts, which need a key anywhere out of London, if not there), in his paper of Sept 1:

Since we last spoke there has been a "Night with Weber"—Carl Maria von Weber (better than Gottfried Weber). On this occasion we had two overtures—*Enryanthe* and *Oberon*; the *Concertstück* brilliantly executed by little (no longer little) Marie Krebs (who was recalled); the *Invitation to the Waltz*, orchestrated by Hector Berlioz; the *Adagio* from a clarinet concerto (breathed with moonlight mellowness by Mr. Lazarus); and an air from *Der Freischütz*, with Barret's oboe, prettily sung by Mlle. Liebhart (who was encored). This was the night with Weber. We could spend many such.

There has also been a "Night with Spohr." On this occasion we had the *Consecration of Sound* (*Die Weihe des Hauses*). Nevertheless, there are six other symphonies by Spohr. De vier des houzes was followed by Mephistopheles, who, assuming the shape and features of Mr. Patey, gave his own air from *Faust*, adopting the Italian version—"Va sbramando." The heels of Mephistopheles were tripped up by the Mephisto of the fiddle, M. Wieniawski, who, in Mephistophelian fashion, endevilled the so-called (by any one but Spohr) "Dramatic Concerto." To this succeeded that bright little song, "The bird and the maiden"—the song which Mendelssohn loved and wrote about to Spohr. The maiden was Liebhart; the bird was Lazarus. Both bird and maiden seemed to love the song—so well that they could not dwell upon it long enough, and I thought it would never finish. It did finish, for all that, and the audience, deeming it had not been dwelt on long enough, encored it; upon which both bird and maiden re-dwelt upon it for a still longer period.

The whole concluded, pompously, with the half-pompous, half-graceful, half-inflated overture to the *Mountain Sprite*, an opera of which little but the overture is known.

There has also been a Night with the "Italian Masters," hardly well named, or well vindicated. Cherubini was a master, but his overture to *Anacreon* is not his best overture. Rossini is a master (a jolly old master!—long life to him!), but his overture to *Semiramide* is in the same key as the overture to *Anacreon*. Bellini was a nightingale—not a master. Moreover, the duet for ophicleide and euphonium, so dexterously played by our own Hughes and our own Phasey, although it used to be sung by Tamburini and Lablache (who made still more bruit), is a duet from *I Puritani*, which contains more genuine melodies. Mercadante is a phœnicopter—not a master. Moreover, his *cavatina*, "Ah! s'estinto," although Mme. Patey-Whytock is undoubtedly an English *contralto*, is undoubtedly non-suited to those who are undoubtedly English contraltos, and who, for the most part in its delivery, are non-suited. Donizetti is a cross between a parrot and a humming-bird—not a master. Nevertheless, the *cavatina*, "O luce di quest' anima," is one of the most genuine melodies in his *Linda*, when gushed forth in sky-lark tones like those of Carlotta Patti (melodious sister of a melodious sister).

Rossini is a master, but the "Operatic Selection" from his *Tell*—in which Messrs. Barret, Hughes, Reynolds and Winterbottom disported themselves, playfully, in solos for oboe, ophicleide, cornet, and bassoon—if Alfred's (or if not Alfred's—which I devoutly hope) is not Rossini's—for which I am devoutly grateful.

There was also on Thursday a "Night with Mozart."

P.S.—*Italian Night*. Also Domenico Scarlatti was a master, although the *Cat's Fugue* (in G minor) is by no means a masterly fugue. Nevertheless, little (no longer little) Marie Krebs played it *a ravir*, and being encored, substituted the *Spinnied* from the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, who though a master was not an Italian, therefore, not among the "Italian masters" (Mr. Mellon pace).

WORCESTER FESTIVAL. The programme may be briefly dismissed. On Tuesday morning, Sept. 11th: "Dettingen Te Deum," a selection (with five numbers of Mr. Costa's *Naaman*), and the first two parts

of Haydn's *Creation*; Wednesday morning: *Elijah*, with Mr. Santley as the Prophet; Thursday: Spohr's overture to *The Last Judgment*, Beethoven's Service (1 Mass) in C, selection from *Joshua*, and Hymn of Praise; and Friday (of course), *The Messiah*. Touching (and that distantly) the evening concerts—Tuesday, first part devoted to selection from Weber's *Euryanthe*; Wednesday, first part, selection from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*; Thursday, audience played in by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (the only symphony announced for the concerts), and no other distinguishing (or distinguished) feature in the first part (unless a quartet for four violins can be so-called). "Au reste" common places of pieces that have been done to death any time these ever so many years—can such a programme excite any musical interest? —*Mus. World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1866.

Return of Madame Parepa.

FIRST CONCERT.

The Bateman Concerts began in the Boston Music Hall, on Wednesday evening. (Had we the imagination and the power of language of the newspaper critics, we should say a great deal about "grand central sensations," and how the concerts and the season were "inaugurated," the programmes "promulgated," and what not—but we suppose our readers will not demand of us such high flights and will get just as clear an idea of what we mean if we say the concerts began.) This was the first public performance of Mr. Bateman's newly organized concert troupe since their arrival in America. The plan is, we understand, to excite and delight and saturate Boston ears first, for a few weeks, and then to visit Baltimore and Philadelphia, until the new Steinway Hall be ready for them in New York, which of course is the true place for "grand central sensations."

The concert on Wednesday was altogether encouraging in size and character of audience, making the Hall cheerful and brilliant in the midst of gloomiest and vilest weather, and in all the signs of enthusiasm, which was evidently hearty and untiring. The programme was very miscellaneous, as might have been anticipated of a concert troupe combining so many and so various elements. Besides the prima donna herself, there was Rosa, the violinist, and Mills, the pianist, and there was an Italian buffo singer, and an Italian baritone, and there was our old friend Hätton, who had to have something to direct and something to accompany; and, to surround and complete the whole with fair show of artistic dignity (also to "inaugurate," shall we say? with overtures), there was a little orchestra, of a couple of dozen instruments, with Mr. Zerrahn to hold them in hand and guide them sometimes through quite perilous places. The result of which was as we shall see.

To begin with what was of course the main object of interest with the many, Mme. PAREPA'S welcome was of the warmest kind; the great audience applauded eagerly and long, delighted to see bodily before them again, and unchanged, one to whom they owed such pleasant memories. And the lady on her part beamed and smiled with equal satisfaction; her greeting in return was gracious, cordial and happy, and expressed a glad home feeling as it were at standing up again to sing before a Boston Music Hall audience. She lifted up her voice with fervor. And it had lost nothing of its power or beauty, nothing of its

wonderful facility through all its compass. Indeed it seemed fresher, fuller, sweeter than ever; finished to, if possible, more evenness and delicacy; large, clear, sustained and satisfying in the round *cantabile* melodies; crisp, natural, elegant and unmistakeable in recitative; and revelling with the old fluency and brilliancy, the ready power of setting this or that note in a brighter light, and all the arts of accent, shading, diminishing, &c., in the bravura passages.

For each and all there was occasion in her first piece, the *Scena* and *Cavatina* from the first act of *Il Trovatore*, containing the sad little *romanza*: *Tacea la notte*, which she sang with great purity and sweetness. One only wished that such an artist could have met such a greeting with some better kind of music. To be sure, the Verdi piece, as we have just said, furnished illustration of all the rare vocal and technical qualities of the singer. If the only purpose was to convince her hearers that she knew how to sing, and came their fully furnished and equipped for song, this piece answered the purpose well. But one naturally looks to a great singer for interpretation, rather say for sensible realization and bringing right home to us, of the highest-noblest music. If we have a great actor, we want to see Shakspeare most of all, not always perhaps. And having such a singer as Parepa back again, it seems but meagre fare and mere confectionery to hear nothing but Verdi, Ardit, and a sentimental ballad or two. Better will come, we have no doubt, in succeeding concerts, at all events on Sunday.

She was rapturously recalled after the *Trovatore* piece, and gave the ballad: "I cannot sing the old songs" with almost more fervor than it deserved; to us it seemed like galvanizing the song with feeling not its own; but it was a hearty sentiment on the part of the singer and meant a genuine response to her audience. Mr. Hatten accompanied it on the piano. Her second piece, another vocal Waltz, by Ardit, called "L'Estasi" (the ecstasies) is but a show piece for vocalization, brilliant, in a superficial sense graceful; as for expression, *ecstatic* in a quite sensual and voluptuous sense, appealing by no means to what is highest in an audience. Of course it was done to perfection. In the second part Mme. Parepa, sang, again from Verdi, a Duo: "*Deh non parlare*," which had some striking effects, with Signor FORTUNA, the baritone, whose tones have sweetness with not much power or resonance, and indeed a certain thickness; but the style of singing and the air of the man is conscientious and refined. Another ballad, composed for Mme. Parepa by Blumenthal, we did not hear; for by that time the concert had begun to be long.

CARL ROSA was of course sincerely welcomed back. He has musical inspiration. The same, fresh, ingenuous charm of youth, the same modest self-possession won the same sympathy again. His tone was as pure and full, and his art, after renewed earnest studies for which such an artist is ever too glad of an opportunity, more masterly than ever. His first piece, coming right after Figaro's fun, a very Spohr-ish Allegro from a Concerto in G by Spohr, was like a picture not well hung; it was beautifully played, with real artist-like refinement and intelligence, but its sombre character, and the chromatic Spohr-ish modulations, somewhat muddled in a rather crude orchestral accompaniment, failed to make a very

vivid impression. In that more common concert piece, the "*Souvenir d'Haydn*," a piece of less consequence in itself, his skill and power were much more palpable; the great breadth of tone, and firm, clear, even flow of the full-chord rendering of the Austrian Hymn, was very impressive. But there is something in Rosa's playing of whatsoever music that speaks to the soul as well as to the ear.

In a really musical point of view the most interesting item of the concert was the first movement from Schumann's only Concerto (in A minor), for piano, played by Mr. MILLS. Schumann wrote it originally as a Fantasia, just after his marriage with Clara Wieck, in 1841, and rewrote and completed it in the present form in 1845, when it was played for the first time by his wife in Leipzig. It is one of the most genial, original and admirable of Schumann's creations, and one felt unwilling to have it cut short there, without the *Intermezzo* and *Finale*; (but these Mr. Mills will have played in a succeeding concert before this goes to press). This first movement, marked *Allegro affettuoso ed appassionato*, is full of fire,—and delicate, subtle fire; the inspiration is remarkably well sustained, so that you are scarcely conscious of its great length. There are various changes of rhythm and movement, well contrasted thoughts and moods of feeling; a bit now and then much in the tender vein of Mendelssohn; but mostly it is Schumann and no other, Schumann at his best. We believe it has never been played in this city with orchestra before; Mr. Dresel played it twice in his last chamber concerts, having the orchestral parts reduced for a second piano. Mr. Mills has less of the fine poetic instinct in his rendering, less of kindred genius with his author, less unerring judgment in tempo, apparently; but it was admirable pianism; his technique seems faultless; a clear, strong, fluent, brilliant rendering of a work crowded full of thoughts and full of difficulties. We cannot doubt that a good Chickering instrument would have seconded his efforts more effectively than that which he had, with the name "Steinway" in big letters staring you in the face, when your concern was properly with Schumann. The interesting orchestration of the Concerto, just as important as the piano in such a work, and with it making up a living whole, will sound better to us some day, we hope, with a fuller orchestra and after more rehearsal. Mr. Zerrahn did what could be done under the circumstances. In Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody," for piano alone, Mr. Mills displayed triumphant execution; the thing was extremely brilliant.

If we must hear Italian opera pieces in the concert room, commend us to that kind of Italian music which has the most genius (geniality) and sparkling, spontaneous life in it, that element in which your Italian, childlike and happy, is so perfectly at home, the *buffo* element. Above all commend us to Rossini,—always, be it understood, with orchestra, for two thirds of the happy musical *heat lightning* of his fancy lies there in those delicious figures of accompaniment. This was the element which the two Italian gentlemen chiefly added to the concert. Willingly we part with Levy's cornet exhibitions, and take the merry *Figaro* and *Cenerentola* instead. This is musical humor, which is finely imaginative, and which the most artistic taste can relish. Signor FERRANTI is a capital buffo, a right jolly fellow, full

of fun and motion, with a rich, telling, unctuous baritone. We have heard very few superior to him. We could only wish that in the concert room he would make it rather more exclusively a matter of singing, with less of improvised grotesque stage action and interpolated noises rather animal than human. But a mercurial Italian is instantly possessed and carried away by such things; Rossini and the immortal Barber are too much for him. *Largo al factotum* has seldom been so effectively sung here; and the Cinderella duet, "*Un Segreto*," where he takes the part of the Baron, was exquisitely done in spite of too broad farce. As a piece of rapid, dashing, telling vocalization, his third Rossini piece, the Tarentella: "*Gia la luna*," was the best, and had to be repeated. Sig. FORTUNA sang for a solo the aria "*Eri tu*," from Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, with taste and feeling, his sweet upward range of voice having almost a tenor quality; and he bore part in the two duets, tastefully again, but more than equally matched in power.

The orchestra opened the two parts of the concert with the overtures to "*Egmont*" and to Mendelssohn's "*Return from Abroad*" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*). Both went fairly for so small a band. The closing piece was the March from *Tannhäuser*. The task of the instruments was none of the easiest in accompanying that *Cenerentola* duet, with the long stretches and sudden interpolations of comical *parlando*, often quite *ad libitum* on the part of the singers; it taxed their pilot's utmost vigilance to keep them clear of all the breakers, and we must congratulate Mr. Zerrahn in getting through so safely; for our orchestras cannot have much practice in this sort of thing. Mr. HATTON, who is musical manager of the whole, limited himself to the modest task of playing the piano accompaniments (capital musician that he is!) to the smaller vocal pieces and to the second violin solo. He will have his own turn, we understand, in some of his Protean phases, popular of old, this evening.

On the whole the first Parepa concert of this second season was a marked success. The concerts are followed up at present nightly. A week from Sunday evening, we shall doubtless hear Parepa in some of her nobler strains, while Mills & Rosa will each play a Fugue of Bach, and the latter an Adagio by Mozart (from the Clarinet Quintet.) Shall we have no opportunity to hear Rosa play in Quartet?

ORATORIO we shall have soon. The Handel and Haydn Society come together to-morrow night for practice, and their motto is: "Be not afraid." They will rehearse *St. Paul* again, intending to perform it publicly either on the 10th or the 11th of November.

Concerning the "Symphony Concerts," the arrangements, further then was stated in our last, are not yet ripe for publication. When will they be "inaugurated?" We only know that they will begin on the 23rd of November, that there will be eight of them, and that the managers mean that they shall be as good as those of last year.

ERNEST PERABO announces that he will take up his residence in Boston on the 1st of October, and be prepared to teach and play in concerts. We shall have no lack of fine pianists. Mr. LEONHARD will probably return from Europe soon. Mr. LANG should be coming up the harbor while we write. Mr. DRESEL, Mr. PARKER, Mr. DAUM, &c., are here. We shall lose PETERSILEA, if the New York notices must be relied on.

Mr. J. K. PAINE, when last heard from, was on

the lovely Lake of the Four Cantons, in Switzerland; he will probably winter in Germany and return here early in the Spring. Mr. WM. SCHULTZE has arrived back safe, after a long and stormy passage in the Borussia. Miss ANNIE CARY, the rich-voiced contralto, sailed a few weeks since for Italy, there to pursue her musical studies.

A CRITICAL LEVELLER. The New York *Evening Post* says (and many newspaper "critics" often say the same sort of things):

The most attractive and popular season of English opera we have ever had was that of Mr. Eichberg, whose "*Doctor of Alcantara*" is a charming little trifle, full of pleasant melodies, and quite as enjoyable as Balfe's "*Bohemian Girl*" or "*The Barber*."

The "*Doctor of Alcantara*" is indeed "a charming little trifle;" but to think of naming it with Rossini's *Barber*! Is that a trifle? Mr. Eichberg's modesty must have been put to the blush when he read this; but doubtless his quick sense of the ludicrous and the incongruous soon got the better of it. And then again, think of putting Rossini and Balfe on the same shelf, bidding them make room for other charming little trifles!

We take pleasure in calling attention to the card of Mrs. William Garrett in another column, who, having returned to Boston, is prepared to resume her music lessons. Mrs. Garrett is one of our most successful teachers, and that, being a fine vocalist and performer on the piano, she teaches her pupils understandingly.

MUSIC AMONG THE BLIND. We were present a few weeks since at one of the Saturday afternoon exhibitions of the piano-forte pupils at the Institution at South Boston, under the direction of their devoted and accomplished teacher, Mr. CAMPBELL. These are occasions where all the pupils of the school "assist" (as the French say) either as performers or listeners. And the programmes are so good, the selections so almost exclusively from the very best masters, that it must be an education of the taste, an elevating and refining influence, the listening so often to such music. To be sure, some of the little ones among the seventy may naturally have found it a trial of their patience to sit still through two hours of Sonatas and the like. We must confess, however, that by far the most of them, and some even of the youngest, showed every sign of being deeply interested; enthusiasm spake through every feature but the sightless eyes. All the greater privilege such glorious harmony to them because of that privation!

It was impossible to hear what we heard that day, and generally so well rendered, without feeling a great respect for the earnestness, fidelity and judgment of the teacher, himself blind also, whom they are so fortunate as to keep among them. Many pupils of both sexes showed evidence of patient, zealous practice, musical feeling and ambition, and had cultivated ear, fingers, taste and memory so far, as to play whole Sonatas of Beethoven and others without missing a note. The only fault of the programme was that it was too long; it was all good, nay of the best. Think what we heard!

Mr. Campbell himself opened the concert by playing a piano arrangement (Liszt's we believe) of the Andante in Beethoven's first Symphony—all very neat, clear, tasteful and effective. Then a young lady groped her way to the instrument, and played a Gavotte in D minor by Bach, followed by the Minuet in Mozart's G minor Symphony, as arranged by Otto Dresel. Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale*, in D, came next, creditably rendered, all the movements, by another young lady, in spite of some timidity—a very natural failing in several of the performers; it was easy to see that places where their execution faltered, or where the memory was confused for a moment, or where the fingers ran correctly over the keys, but as

it were in dumb show, the sound not audible, were chargeable either to fear or physical weakness, and that the player must be fully mistress of them under fair conditions. Beethoven's *Fantasia* (Andante) in F, op. 35, was played, if we remember rightly, by a young man. The other pieces were: a *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, the brilliant Presto in the sixth book; the Adagio and Finale from the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 27; an ordinary variation piece on a Swiss air; the *Sonata Pathétique* entire (with more fire of accent than we could have expected from one blind); the Minuet and Trio from Mozart's E-flat Symphony; and the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 3, all four movements.

Now of course it cost some patience to listen to such length of pupil performance, and to hear so many master works recited, rather than interpreted, in a manner by no means masterly. Still it was interesting and indeed exciting to see how much had been achieved under such adverse circumstances, and particularly gratifying to find so earnest a musical spirit pervading a whole school. It seems to be determined that the blind shall feel what Art is.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK. The season has opened with Sunday evening concerts—two sets of them. One, under the management of Mr. L. F. Harrison, has its seat at Irving Hall, with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, besides various solo talent. Of course they call them "Sacred" Concerts, and of course they did not begin, but, like every thing else now-a-days, were "inaugurated." We haven't heard whether the programmes were "promulgated"—that would have made it perfect. We copy the second programme, Sept. 9, as a specimen of the kind of music given in these concerts:

Symphony in D, No. 2.....	Beethoven
1. Adagio. 2. Larghetto.....	
Song, "The Flow'et (first time).....	Abt.
Mr. Wm. Castle.....	
"Zug der Frauen," (Lohengrin).....	Wagner.
"Tennyson's Bugle Song".....	Goldbeck.
Mr. S. C. Campbell, accompanied by the Composer.	
Fantasia, "Midsummer's Night Dream,".....	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Lodoiska,".....	Cherubini.
Duet, "I Pescatori".....	Gabussi.
Mr. Castle and Mr. Campbell.	
Andante and Variations.....	Mozart.
(From the first Divertimento).	
Mr. Theo. Thomas, and Messrs. Hess, Matzka, Hoch,	
Pfeifferscheider, Schmitz, and Lotze,	
Song, "Nevermore".....	Bassford.
Introd. and Chorus, "William Tell".....	Rossini.

The "sacred" things of the third concert were a whole Beethoven Symphony, Mozart's "Turkish March," Nicolai's overture to "*Merry Wives*," a fantasia on *Tannhäuser*, singing from "*Wm. Tell*" and Schubert's *Serenade* by Mme. Johanness, flute and trombone solos, &c. The musical journals eulogize the orchestral and indeed most of the performances (we suppose a newspaper critic would say "renditions").

The other set of "sacred" concerts are at Grover's Olympic Theatre. One recognizes other well-known names in them, besides Grover. They began Sept. 9, as follows:

Overture—"Egmont".....	Beethoven.
Prayer from "Le Prophète".....	Meyerbeer.
Mme. Marie Frederici.	
Sunday in the Forest.....	Möhring.
Chorus for Male Voices, with French Horns and Trombones.	
"Ave Maria".....	Marschner.
Mr. Franz Himmer.	
Salve Maria.....	Mercadante.
Mme. De Lussan.	
O. Isle and Océan—Prayer from "Magic Flute".....	Mozart.
Mr. Joseph Weinlich and Chorus.	
Overture—"Oberon".....	Von Weber.
"Stabat Mater".....	Rossini.

In the second concert, Mme. Rotter was added to the list of singers. The orchestral conductor is Herr Neuendorf, who last year supplemented Anschütz in the German Opera.—Both these series of Sunday concerts, it would seem, are well attended. And there is a prospect of yet a third series; the *Weekly Review* says:

It is not improbable that Mr. Eichberg, the favorite composer, who, as he informs us, has lately composed a long and, no doubt, magnificent fantasy for piano, will follow the example of his friends, Messrs.

Grover and Harrison, and will give Sunday concerts. Mr. Eichberg is a very good violinist and would add a great deal to the attraction. Whether his fantasy will be performed at one of these concerts or somewhere else, we are not in condition to state.

The first of a series of concerts in connection with Mr. Mollenhauer's Musical Conservatory (about every third professor sets up his own "Conservatory" in New York) took place recently. The Mollenhauers played, Frederici sang (everlasting "Robert, Robert"), and there were some new artists of whom the *Review* reports:

The performances were satisfactory enough, with the exception of the piano performances of Mr. Lejeal. This gentleman was substituted for Mr. Bockelman, and although it may have been very kind of him to have taken the latter gentleman's place at a short notice, he should not have attempted to play Liszt's fantasy on "Rigoletto," a piece played in this city by the most prominent concert players. A musician may be a very good teacher without possessing the qualifications for a virtuoso. In the same concert we listened with pleasure to the singing of Mr. J. Pollack, a young baritone from Dresden and a pupil of Julius Stockhausen, who is eminently qualified for concert singing and certainly will have good success in this country. The voice of the young artist is neither too strong nor of a very large compass, and he does not reach more than E in the high register; but the quality of the voice is exceedingly pleasing and he sings with an extraordinary warmth of feeling and a pleasingly sentimental touch of expression.

For the higher order of orchestral concerts New York will have, as usual, those of the Philharmonic Society, Carl Bergmann conductor, to be held, it is said, in the new Steinway Hall, and the Symphony Soirées of Mr. Thomas, so successful for two years past. Mr. Thomas also means to give more miscellaneous, popular concerts at Irving Hall, and afterwards at Steinway's Hall, the completion of which is also awaited by Mr. Bateman and many other concert-givers. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society is also on the alert, having chosen Thomas as conductor for the season.

For Chamber Music, there will be the classical Quartet Soirées of Messrs. Mason, Mosenthal, Matzka, Bergner and Thomas, with prospect of larger subscription than ever before. And there will be several series of Piano concerts, "Recitals," or what not. Carl Wolfsohn will play all the Beethoven Sonatas, as he did in Philadelphia. Robert Goldbeck, too, is named for a series of interpretations, probably in great part of his own music; and Charles Kunkel. It is also announced that our young Carlyle Petersilea will settle in New York; so we should not wonder if there should be still more piano soirées or matinées. Furthermore, it is even said that Hans von Bülow, son-in-law and pupil of Liszt, prime minister of Wagner, &c., is negotiating for a concert tour in this country; while *per contra* offers from New York have been made to another distinguished pupil of Liszt and man of "the future," another Hans, von Bronsart—with what success we do not hear. *Piano, piano!* 'Tis the safest sort of concert-giving, oftentimes the best: *Chi va sano, va piano*. P.S. Wehli, too, with his left hand.

New York's musical stronghold has never been Oratorio. But the Harmonic Society has now the guaranty of one of the truest musicians in the country, Mr. F. L. Ritter, for conductor, and will doubtless set about good things in earnest. Extraordinary promises, both in amount and heterogeneous variety, are reported of the Mendelssohn Union: to-wit, two operas by Wallace ("The Amber Witch" and "Lurline"); Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "Paul" and "Elijah," and horrible dicta, Liszt's "Graner Mass"! Aiming at all this game, how much will they bring down?

We have alluded to the mushroom upspringing of Musical Conservatories in Gotham. Besides that of the Mollenhauers, there is one called by the big title of National Conservatory, under the management of

Mr. E. G. Locke, the musical director being Mr. George F. Bristow, who teaches theory and composition, while Piano instruction employs the talents of Edw. Hoffmann, Theo. Boettger, Wm. Wolf, C. A. de Szigethy, G. Weingarten, and Mme. Wm. Vincent Wallace; vocal teachers, Sig. Elidora Camps and Mme. E. Loder; others for violin, flute, &c., &c. Then, too, Carl Anschütz has organized an "Anschütz Musical Institute;" teachers as follows: *Theory and Composition*: Messrs. Anschütz, Buechel and Max Braun; *Piano*: Davis, Buechel, Braun, Kalliwoda, Grosswirth and Neuendorf; *Organ*: Max Braun and A. Davis; *Violin*: Josepe Noll; *Vocal*: Mme. Johannsen, Carl Anschütz and Sig. Marco Duschuitz; *Italian Language*: Sig. Giorgio Keck. Mr. Schrimpf, formerly of Boston, is enrolled in the Mollenhauer teaching corps. We trust all these Conservatorio conservatives will not be like the political conservatives, only anxious to conserve what is diseased and bad in the body politic, but that, like true conservatives, i.e. radicals, they will go to the root of the matter and try to conserve and preserve what is good and true in Art, preserve the body itself and the soul with it.

With all these concerts, classes and Italian and English Opera to boot, the musical tourney of New York this winter will not lack éclat; our good knight "Lancelot" must be on hand with the Ithuriel spear!

The Berlin musical press advocates the appointment of JOACHIM to some Prussian post, as he has lost his position in Hanover through the political changes. The gain of a man like Joachim, they maintain, would be an important art annexation to Prussia—rectification of the artistic frontier.

JENKINS ON THE WAR PATH.—A very distinguished actress and worthy lady arrived in New York a day or two ago. Her name is Adelaide Ristori, but the New York papers prefer to style her "the great tragedienne." She is also the wife of an Italian Marquis, hence Jenkins at times calls her the Marchioness del Grillo. The lady had a grand reception in New York. It was the grandest since that given to the humble individual who has held every office from that of Alderman up to the President. The next day Jenkins broke out in the columns of the "metropolitan" press, and gave her and her progress up Broadway almost as much space as is daily given to the progress of the humble individual.

It is delightful to read the charming descriptions by Jenkins of "the great tragedienne," as they appear in the several journals. In one case he says: "The crowd testified its interest on the occasion by waiting an hour or more to see Ristori enter her carriage." In another he says she "expressed the greatest enthusiasm at the evidences of activity and enterprise which rose before her; but it was not until the great structures on Broadway met her sight that she fully realized the commercial greatness of our city. Surprise and delight moved her to give expression to her feelings, and, for a long time it was impossible to quiet her sufficiently for conversation." Also: "Her enthusiasm at the novelty of the sight broke forth in frequent exclamations of delight and wonder." Also: "The utmost astonishment was expressed by her at the magnificence of the buildings on Broadway, which she looked at with the most eager curiosity. On arriving at the Fifth Avenue hotel she immediately desired to see something of that structure, and expressed her wonder at the beauty and comfort of the house."

Madame Ristori has with her, according to Jenkins, her husband, her son and daughter, a suite of forty persons, 173 trunks, 40 of which are necessary to contain her own things. She has also, *vide Times*, "a rather fair complexion, heightened in its interest by the color which flies to her cheeks as she becomes excited with the topics presented to her mind." In the *World*, Jenkins says her "complexion is deep olive with a tinge of the golden peach." In the *Tribune* "her complexion is rather light."

The epithets applied to Madame Ristori by Jenkins are splendid. She is "the representative of the grand Tragic Muse." She is "a thorough exponent." She is "the pet of the older civilization of Europe." She is "the greatest of living dramatic celebrities." She is "the cynosure of the dramatic world." But space does not prevent further quotation, and it is unjust to Jenkins to spoil his pictures by showing only little bits at a time. He is making a great deal out of Ristori, and revelling in her charms as he has not revelled since Queen Emma or A. J. visited New York.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Five o'clock in the morning, Song for Guitar. S. Winner. 30
She sang among the flowers. " " 30
Flower song. "Faust." " " 30
O, would I were a bird. " " 30
Four songs of established reputation, nicely arranged for guitar.
Hast thou seen the young day blushing? "Irene." Gounod. 40
Fair the rose of love is blowing. " " 40
Two songs of about equal merit, and both very good. A trifle difficult. "Irene," or "The Queen of Saba," is not so well known as the world famous "Faust," by the same composer, but contains many passages of great beauty.
Where is our Moses? Song. 30
Bread and butter. Song. A. Weaver. 30
Songs for the times.
Tantum Ergo. "Gloria." Quartette. M. Girac. 40
These "Gloria" quartettes are heartily commended to choirs for practice. Latin words.
The Light-house. Baritone song. G. F. Duggan.
Good concert song, and commended to musical light-house keepers, who, of all people, are bound to let their "light shine before men."
Mother, Home and Heaven. Song and Chorus. 30
The roses are blooming where sweet Nellie sleeps. Song and Chorus. Webster. 35
Two beautiful ballads, in popular style.
She meets me at the gate. Song. Bishop. 35
Companion to "Meet me at the gate."
Pretty lark, bride of the morn. Song. Bishop. 35
The heart. Ballad. Towne. 30
Dreaming of angels. Ballad. Blamphin. 40
Just the kind of dream to sing about, and the words are quite skillfully handled by Blamphin, who has secured the elements of popularity in his composition.

Instrumental.

- Oberon. Fantasia brillante. S. Smith. 75
In Smith's own brilliant style, with good melodies to start from.
La Belle Hélène. Galop. D. Godfrey. 40
A brilliant affair, founded on one by Offenbach.
Tyrolean Evening Hymn. "Crown Jewels." Baumbach. 40
Thou art so near. "Sparkling Diamonds." C. Arini. 30
Two excellent instructive pieces, with well known subjects, and not difficult.
Daily Register Quickstep. Schultz. 30
Has a considerable variety, and is fresh and vigorous.
Joliette, Pretty one. Morceau de Salon. Faverger. 35
Joy bells. Idylle. A. Junzman. 50
Graceful pieces by well-known composers.
Parepa Waltz. J. W. Turner. 30
Orphée. "Young Minstrel." 20
Jenny Lind Polka. " " 20
La Mignonne Polka. " " 20
First love Redowa. " " 20
La Cenerentola. " " 20
Nel cor piu. " " 20
Two page pieces, excellent for learners. Easy.

Books.

- Boston Parlor Opera. DON PASQUALE. Libretto. 60
Contains the English words of Don Pasquale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

